

## The World

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### A CONFESSION IN HIGH FINANCE.

In the most remarkable "get-rich-quick" interview which was ever printed in a newspaper, Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, told the readers of last Sunday's World why high financiers intrust millions of dollars to each other with never a scrap of paper to show for the money. Said Mr. Lawson, speaking of a case in which the profits to the group of rich men were to reach \$46,000,000:

"The reason is not that one wants to trust the other, but because he has to. If they put their agreement in writing and made a record that could be taken to court they couldn't get the \$46,000,000."

#### What this means is thus explained:

I mean that, as society and the law are constituted, it is an absolute impossibility for a few men to make \$46,000,000 profit legally.

The money for the profit, Mr. Lawson declares, "must have belonged to the public, the people," and it must have been "taken away from the people by a handful of men . . . by what we may call a Trick of Finance."

Reduced to simplest terms, Mr. Lawson's proposition is that not even men able to swing millions can by their exercise with the dollars force returns legally above the rates set by natural laws of increase.

And what then of the little men who think to become strong in a minute by getting in touch with the big ones? For their swing they have the privilege of furnishing the extra, illegal profits to the giants of finance!

It is here that physical culture, which works for all alike, ceases to furnish figures of speech for high finance.

"Gold Bricks of Speculation" is a book which comes to hand about the same time with the confessions of Lawson. It, too, deals with the "get-rich-quick" idea. It is the work of a Chicago Board of Trade writer who wishes to warn the great and dear public against the bucket-shop, the "turf investor" and various points of direction from which good money seldom returns.

This volume is well meant. But it won't do any good. The stories it tells were all told while they were fresh by the newspapers; told better than in the book. Their like will be told again, "over and over." If they ever did any good would any retelling be even considered?

Of such stories the morals are found and applied only by the people who do not need them.

Man ever is and always to be gulled—that is, lots of him. The place where he ends his financial days should be known not as the Slough, but the Gully of Despond.

All of us laughed the other day at the story in the news of the old lady who was induced by a fortune-teller to bury her money in a certain place in the cellar. There was other treasure there, the seeress said. And gold would attract gold. Presumably the attraction worked. At any rate, the old lady's pile vanished.

Such an easy bit of duping! Yet how was it more bold than the fortune-promising trickery that goes on every day and is described in black letters only when it results in especially conspicuous catchings?

Bury your money in a bottomless well and see it draw oil.

Bury your money in a soundless mine and see it draw precious ore.

Bury your money in a Franklin Syndicate and see it draw 520 per cent.

Bury your money in a "cinch" at the track and see it draw 40 to 1.

Bury your money in any old place and observe that somebody is always there to attend to the digging up.

"Gullible by fit apparatus all Publics are," quoth Herr Teufelsdröckh, as interpreted by Philosopher Carlyle, "and gulled with the most surprising profit." Yet the Professor had his little theory about the usefulness to somebody of the prevailing condition. It occurred to him that in matter where so much is wanted and so little can as yet be furnished, "probably imposture is of sanative, anydine nature, and man's Gullibility not his worst blessing." Thus, in dealing with a restless army, giving signs of discontent with the returns—

—Were it not well could you, as if by miracle, pay them in any sort of fairy money, feed them on coagulated water, or mere imagination of meat; whereby, till the real supply came up, they might be kept together and quiet?

Our "get-rich-quick" promoters are in truth dealing out fairy money, and some of them furnish water which, if not coagulated, at least makes the stocks inflate. Thus far they have not failed to keep their army of the gullible together and reasonably quiet. Doubtless they can feed the host some little time yet on "mere imagination of meat."

Pending the arrival of a demand not negligible for "the real supply," the author of "Gold Bricks of Speculation" is a real philanthropist in a world of sins, sorrows and "easy marks."

What's in a date? Henry Clay was born one hundred and twenty-seven years ago to-day. Fort Sumter was fired on this day forty-three years ago.

### A NEW QUEST FOR A GOLDEN GIRL.

Not the lady or the tiger, but the lady and the states. This is the modern instance.

Unless the lady has \$50,000 a year and will have the French Count, the estates go by the board—or out of the family. It is a quest of the golden girl.

Incidentally, the lady should be tall, blue-eyed and blond, with a graceful figure. Not even on the altar of his sire's will a so-brave French nobleman sacrifice himself for money alone.

The quest is on in Chicago and the item is in the local papers. Press of other cities where there are golden girls please copy.

It is true that in France a Count is no count. But heroism is not dead, despite the enemies of the Republic. Else there would not be this proffered sacrifice for the land.

While New Jersey "sportsmen" have shot at live lions, the New York State has been the real target.

## Should Wives Earn Wages?

By  
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



DR. SIMON N. PATTEN, professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania, and Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia, were both quoted in yesterday's newspapers as saying that the social problem of thousands of married couples who are wage-earners for a time at least, to be a wage-earner after marriage.

"The whole social problem would be solved," said Dr. Patten, "were the wife to become an income-producer. I refer, of course, to young married couples, where each before marriage was earning from \$10 to \$15 a week, and I believe that each should continue a wage-earner until the husband's income has risen to at least \$20."

Prof. Giddings stated that the employment of women tended to elevate the morals of the community, and cited the French middle class as the most moral and the most thrifty in the world.

There is a great deal of sound common sense in both these views, and it is upon the basis of the average young American household is founded. French marriages, on the contrary, are so universally commercial in their basis, and the area of French morality corresponds so exactly to the area of French thrift, as to suggest a somewhat sordid connection between them.

The middle-class Frenchman—indeed, practically every Frenchman—marries, not a wife but a dower. And if the dower wants to add to the family income by keeping a small shop or running a restaurant, far be it from her lord and master to interfere.

But the American man marries a particular woman whom he wants for his wife. And he wants that woman in his home, not exchanging her services for a naive Western buyer that owing to the established customs of conservatism would also cannot go out to lunch with him. The \$12 a week clerk might prefer a flat provided by doubt the money to the furnished room in which he has to start housekeeping on his own small income if his wife could occupy it. But he uses it to either of them if his wife spends the day downtown and her late-night precedes follows him by a scant interval of fifteen minutes.

To double the family income is very fine, but to do it at the expense of the home—there can be no home without a woman's occupancy—is less commendable.

If a woman possesses artistic, musical or literary ability which commands an income she may continue to exercise it after marriage without detriment to her home life. But ordinarily all her time and thought and energy are needed in the four walls which she has chosen to call home. Very often she would rather be out in the world making the family twenty-five, but it is seldom that the American husband would prefer to have her do it.

### LETTERS.

#### QUESTIONS. ANSWERS.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did Barnum & Bailey's circus play at the Garden last year? F. W.

No. He Should Wear a Frock Suit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it proper for an usher in church to wear a dress suit at an afternoon wedding? Is a white or black vest to be worn? Also, what colors gloves? ANXIOUS.

A dress suit should never be worn before 6 o'clock P. M. Ushers should wear frock suits, white vests, gray gloves.

April 3.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date did Palm Sunday fall seventeen years ago. C. R.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did James Britt and Terry McGovern ever fight in the prize ring? JOSEPH K.

In Still Living. 75 Rounds.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did Kilrain die from the effects of his memorable battle with John L. Sullivan? How many rounds was the battle? W. M. C.

The Label in a Violin.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the meaning of the following words, which were found in a violin: "Nicolaus Amati fecit Cremona A. 1722?"

The words are Latin for "Nicolaus Amati made this at Cremona in the year 1722."

April 14.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date did Good Friday occur in 1873? J. F. W.

It is an Opera.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is "Carmen" an opera or an operetta? M. N.

Giving Money to Hospitals.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was very much pleased when I read of the man that gave of his mite to the hospital. I, too, would like to give to the hospital. But my means would not let me. How nice it is to have these places to go to when we are sick. Why don't some rich people build a convalescent hospital? When a wife like me comes out, too sick to work, they could take her in and for the time they were entirely well. I was very much impressed by seeing a lady in the chapel of a hospital last Sunday. She was very comfortably dressed. When the collection plate was passed around she put on a penny. A widow.

"Between You and Me" Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

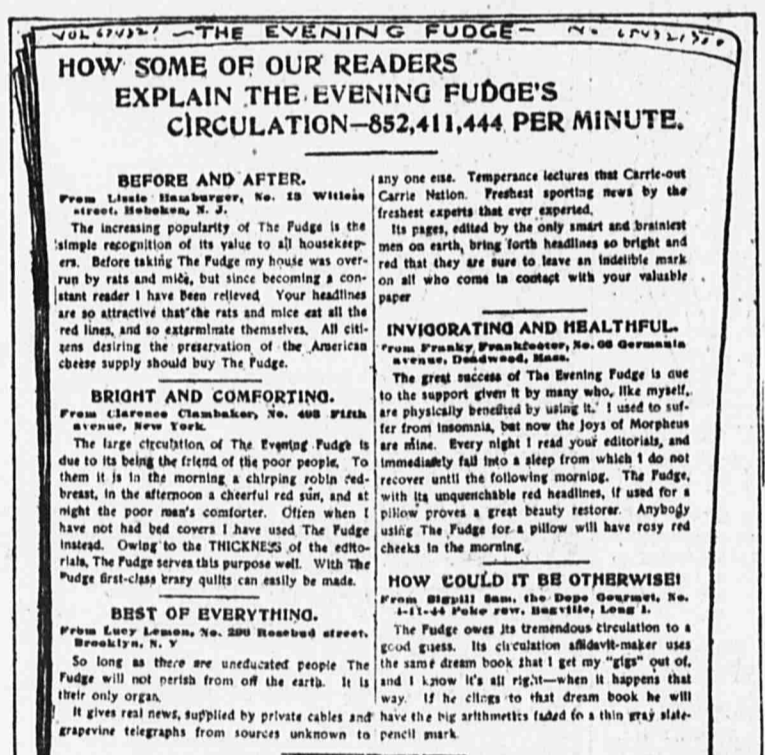
Which is correct, "Between you and I" or "Between you and me?" J. J. M. C.

## Little Tragedies Told in Only Four Words.



## The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

Mr. Peewee Stoutly Denies that American Men Wear Corsets.



To-day's "How Some of Our Readers Explain, &c.," Was Written by Henry Edgcombe, 82 Madison ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1—JOHN MULCAHY, 232 Park avenue, Hoboken, N. J.; No. 2—MARK GOLDBERG, 1701 Lexington avenue, N. Y. City; No. 3—A. V. HAINS, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

To-morrow's "Fudge" Idiotical Cook, "An Eight-Hour Day at the North Pole."

## What Is the Telephone Number?



3-6-8-1 Orchard (Three Sicks Ate One Orchard).

Now, Guess This Yourself.

THEIR MEETING.

She (flushing expectantly)—Fred Smithers, as I live! Poor fellow—it saddens me to think how broken up he was over my refusal.

He (winking forehead)—Where in thunder have I seen that woman before?—Brooklyn Life.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

"But," protested the typewriter boarder, "Adam wasn't content without a wife."

"Perhaps not," rejoined the old bachelor, "but at that stage of the game he didn't know anything of good or evil."—Chicago News.

POOR CAESAR!

There once was a building named Caesar. Saw a cat and he thought he would teaser.

But the cat was too fly. And she scratched out an eye. Now Caesar just seen her and teases.

—Philadelphia Press.

HER AGE.

"How old would you say she was?"

"Well, let's see. When we were in the High School together she used to grab me because I was a kid. Now I'm thirty-seven, and—um-m-m—well, I should say she was about twenty-eight by this time."—Town and Country.

## The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Surgery's Triumphs and the Stunts They May Lead To.

"I SEE," said the Cigar-Store Man, "that Philadelphia surgeons have made a nose for a man out of one of his fingers."

"The progress of surgery is certainly a hit with the surgeons," replied The Man Higher Up, "but it is a source of apprehension to the people who have any anticipations of playing star parts at a clinic. The modern surgeon will take a chance at anything, and some of them are willing to have the public believe that they have successfully grafted ears and things, when as a matter of fact the graft has been along other lines. In a short time we may expect to see stories in the newspapers like this:

"Mrs. Cutt and Hack of the Renovation Hospital, operated upon John Sawedup this afternoon in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. After they had removed his head he showed signs of life, at which the distinguished surgeons expressed considerable surprise. With the aid of two boiler-makers they constructed a crown sheet on top of his spinal column and put a dull finish on his collar-bone. When all was in readiness to complete the operation it was discovered that the head had been mislaid. Half an hour elapsed before a mischievous nurse produced the necessary piece of John Sawedup's anatomy from under one of the orchestra seats where she had hidden it. In the mean time Mrs. Cutt and Hack took the patient's heart out and massaged it with a steel currycomb in the hope of keeping its circulation intact. The head was finally restored with complete success. Sawedup will be buried to-morrow."

"Such astonishing results have been accomplished by the eminent surgeons that they have concluded to give a matinee operation every day instead of Wednesdays and Saturdays as heretofore. Red, white and blue trading-stamps will be given with every ticket for a reserved seat."

"It takes a lot of nerve on the part of the surgeons to perform some of the operations they do nowadays," commented the Cigar-Store Man.

"Oh, I don't know," responded The Man Higher Up. "The patients can't kick."

## GOSPLETS in Rhyme.

By the Passer-by.

Snickers.

BLOODHOUNDS of crime, turn now a novel Page And read of Boston sleuths' peripatetic rage! A murder. By whose hand? Turn to the "hub." Where many "fellows" "spoke" with much hubbub. First 'twas a woman, sure a maniac. Then some somnambulist on railway track, Or else a friend—or maybe enemy. At any rate, past doubt it was a she. Though which must not be suffered to transpire. But—paradox!—the "hub" began to "tire." And, oozing on some sapient axle-grease, Granted to mystery surprised surmise.

For now the erstwhile maniac maid is sane. And, wary of skirts, wears his own Chin again. Should Tucker, as he hoped, dumfounded the law. It's up to way-down-laid to cry: "Oh Shaw!"

But let that pass, and hear another tale. Which hath a comfort for the faithless frail. This turns on Brooklyn, where just now a Deacon A place among the "higher-ups" was seeking. But aged elders shook their occult hair. Charging, too little theory was Deacon's share; They held it took full four-score years and seven Of grind to rightly locate hell and heaven. Quoth Deacon: "Brethren, hell at least I know. For why, you see, I've been there and it's so." And straightway he proclaimed well. Let him who seeks promotion go to—

## A Queer Fish.

Unlike man, the starfish loses one of its "arms," or properly its rays, grows a new one to take its place. Under certain conditions it grows two to take the place of one. A starfish may lose all its rays without losing its life, and very often a cripple with but a single ray left is found by fishermen and collectors. When completely broken in two the starfish becomes two distinct fish, and the growing process continues. The brittle starfish, it is believed, in many instances breaks off its own rays at the approach of danger. For this reason it is difficult to obtain a perfect specimen. A starfish can neither see nor hear. Neither can it feel. It smells. In spite of these seeming impediments, nevertheless, it seeks and devours its prey as neatly as an ordinary fish. The rays of the starfish are its "arms," or rays completely about it. Then it pushes its stomach out through its mouth and will wrap even a large oyster and shell within the folds of the stomach. The mouth of the starfish is in the center of its rays. Some great starfish are to-day employed almost wholly in seeking for starfish specimens in deep seas, and there are hundreds of men who spend a portion of their time collecting starfish in the interests of science. Many of the specimens collected by ships are taken from depths of one and even two miles. The pressure which these fish withstand at this depth is of course very great.

## As England Sees Us.

In a work of reference written by Eliezer Edwards, an Englishman, appears this interesting bit:

In America—where, from the constitution of society, admixtures of species are very frequent—the various gradations are designated by specific names, a few of the more important of which are as follows:

Father.	Mother.	Male Offspring.	Female Offspring.
White.	Negro.	Mulatto.	Mulatta.
White.	Mulatto.	Quarteecon.	Quarteecona.
White.	Quarteecon.	Quinteecon.	Quinteecona.
White.	Quinteecon.	Sexteecon.	Sexteecona.
White.	Sexteecon.	Septeecon.	Septeecona.
White.	Septeecon.	Octeecon.	Octeecona.
White.	Octeecon.	Nondecreecon.	Nondecreecona.
White.	Nondecreecon.	Decreecon.	Decreecona.
White.	Decreecon.	Undecreecon.	Undecreecona.
White.	Undecreecon.	Dodecreecon.	Dodecreecona.
White.	Dodecreecon.	Tridecreecon.	Tridecreecona.
White.	Tridecreecon.	Tetradecreecon.	Tetradecreecona.
White.	Tetradecreecon.	Pentadecreecon.	Pentadecreecona.
White.	Pentadecreecon.	Hexadecreecon.	Hexadecreecona.
White.	Hexadecreecon.	Heptadecreecon.	Heptadecreecona.
White.	Heptadecreecon.	Octadecreecon.	Octadecreecona.
White.	Octadecreecon.	Enneadecreecon.	Enneadecreecona.
White.	Enneadecreecon.	Decreecon.	Decreecona.

Viva Voce Voting.

Whether the people of Kentucky shall return to the system of viva voce voting is to be decided by them at the state election in 1905. During the discussion of the matter in the House of Representatives one member said that the open ballot would prevent voters from sailing under false colors, and another member retorted that it would result in the corporations getting control of the elections. Only two Democratic members of the House voted against the measure, and only one Republican voted in its favor.